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CALIFORNIA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY J. ADAM.

Mr. President, Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:—On January 15, 1876, I delivered a lecture in Santa Cruz for the benefit of the Public Library, from which I will take to-night those facts which I deem more interesting for our Society.

I will avail myself of a work published at that time under the auspices of the "California Historical Society" of San Francisco. The reproduction of the work was due to the magnificent generosity of JOSEPH A. DONAHUE, who expended, I am informed, several thousand dollars for the printing of one hundred copies. The title of the work in Spanish is, "Notias de le Nueve California," by Rev. Father Francis Palon.

Father Palon was the first missionary who planted the cross at the Mission Dolores, more than one hundred years ago.

The perusal of the fourth volume thereof, will furnish material to entertain you.

Emigrants and visitors are amazed on visiting the Cosmopolitan, Occidental, and Palace hotels, the magnificent churches of the different denominations, the well-paved streets and substantial wharves of our great metropolis; and cannot realize that forty years ago, nothing could be seen there, save a few old shanties or cabins, studded in the immense sand-hills. Explain all this to them and a smile of incredulity will be their only response, for it seems a dream. However, more than forty years ago, south of San Francisco one might have seen here and there, thirty or fifty miles distant, adobe houses, beautiful orchards, and thousands of people busy as ants—some plowing the fields, others mounted on spirited steeds, throwing the lasso to catch wild cattle which were literally covering the plains by thousands: the hammer of the carpenter and the anvil of the blacksmith, were sounding through those corridors, and hundreds of women were at work weaving and spinning.

Was such the condition, you will naturally ask, during the preceding centuries? Let us follow Father Palon step by step, and he will give us a fair idea of California a little more than a century ago.

The principal subject before us to-night is the expedition by land in search of the harbor of Monterey. We must join ourselves to Father Palon at his Mission in Lower California.

The expedition by land resembled Jacob, who fearing an attack from Esau, divided the people that were with him and the flocks, into two companies. They first left Villacata with Captain Rivera and twenty-five soldiers, and Father Crespi and Gomez on Good Friday, March

24, 1769. They describe their way to San Diego as through a sterile and barren country, with no water for their beasts, scarcely enough for their personal use.

On Whit-Sunday, which fell that year on the 14th of May, they safely arrived in San Diego, and their joy was great when they saw anchored at the harbor the packet boats "San Carlos" and "San Antonio." The firing of guns welcomed their arrival, and those surviving from the expedition by water, ran to embrace their companions who came by land, congratulating themselves at meeting for the first time in Upper California.

They waited there till the 2d of July when the second part of the expedition composed of Governor Portola and Father Juniper, president of these Missions, also safely set foot for the first time in this new country.

The land expedition in search of the harbor of Monterey, left San Diego, July 14, 1760. It was composed of Governor Portola, Captain Rivera, with twenty-seven soldiers with leather jackets, with Lieutenant P. Fages with twenty-seven volunteers of Catalonia, besides, engineer Constanzio, and fifteen Christian Indians from Lower California. Father Crespi and Gomez accompanied them for their spiritual consolation, and to keep a diary of their expedition.

I am indebted to Father Crespi's diary for the principal items I now place before you.

We will leave Father Junipero at San Diego, busy with the few soldiers and sailors saved from the scurvy, building a provisional barrack to serve as chapel, store-house and dwelling, and we will follow the expedition by land.

From San Diego to San Francisco they met rancherias or camps of Indians, more or less numerous, amounting from three to five hundred, and sometimes to a thousand souls, as happened near Santa Barbara.

Everywhere, with very few exceptions, they found the Indians friendly at their approach. They went to meet them, sometimes offering them seeds; other times they would throw down on the ground their arrows in sign of peace. Generally they would keep to a great distance, and would not approach the whites till by many signs they would be assured that no harm should be done them. They with the greatest confidence would pass sometimes the whole night near the place where our party were camping, showing great distress next day when they saw them moving their camp to proceed farther, and, as a general rule, they had to promise them that they would see them again and come to live amongst them, which seemed to please them.

Father Crespi gave names to every place where they camped at night, mostly the name of some Saint, principally of the Franciscan order, of which he was a member. The soldiers used to give different

names to the places, taken from some trivial thing which happened to them, or attracted their attention: as for example, passing near San Luis Obispo, they called it "El Buchon," because the captain of the Indians at that place had an immense encysted tumor hanging from his neck, called in Mexican "*buchon*."

To follow them step by step would be useless, and would take more time than is allowed for a lecture: however, as this was the first expedition by land to Upper California of which we have any record, and as the account in full has never been translated, as far as I know, I think it better to occupy your attention following the explorers as closely as we can.

On the 14th of July as I said before, they left San Diego following a route near the sea-shore. They perceived a number of hares and rabbits. After making two leagues and a-half, they halted in a place where there were some wells. The night being well advanced, two Indians came and one of them made a long speech, of which they did not understand one word; and at the end he presented some sardines to the Governor—a magnificent present, no doubt worthy of a king. In return, his Excellency gave him some beads and clothes, and as I mention the beads allow me to make a short digression. Some years ago in a place called "Patrero," near Santa Cruz where the Indians were located, in making some excavations there was found embedded an immense quantity of beads. I cannot account for the manner they came there unless in this way: The padres and officers who came to the conquest, as they used to call it, to attract them, brought mules laden with beads, which they called in Mexican "*abolorios*." They distributed them with great profusion throughout their journeys. Speaking once with the Indians they told me that in the old times, some Indians had great quantities of these beads, and it was their custom to have their ornaments buried with them. Hence, perhaps, the great quantity of them found in their camp.

Last September while at Santa Cruz I saw many bones exhumed, and in some of the Indians' graves we saw pieces of beads, and clay pipes buried with the remains, which proves beyond contradiction that the Indians liked to be buried with their trinkets.

On the 18th of the same month we see them in a lovely valley, where the Indians, naked and painted in different colors, came to welcome them. It seems they used that suit of clothes—I mean a coat of paint—only when they made a ceremonious visit or in time of war. They were all well armed with bows and arrows. The Captain made a speech and then they all let their arms drop down to the ground. The women, says Father Crespi, were modestly covered with deerskins.

They gave to this place the name of San Juan Capistrano—which name it yet retains.

Cabrillo entered Upper Californian waters in September, 1542, and it is believed that he anchored at San Diego Bay—he sailed north in October 3d, and according to some he visited the island of St. Catalina, where he found the inhabitants timid and even hostile at first. On Sunday the Spaniards went ashore in a large bay, which they called “Bahia de los Fumos,” or “Firegos,” from the smoke of fires seen there. Henshaw makes this Bahia de Fumos—Bahia Ona (or Santa Monica). Santa Monica, as Bancroft observes in his notes, was exactly what the Spaniards would have called an “enseñada;” indeed they did often so call it in later years, as they did also Monterey Bay and San Francisco outside the heads, from Pt. Reyes to Pigeon Point, always the “Enseñada de los Fallones.” Bancroft is inclined to believe the port they visited to have been San Pedro.

But, returning to our explorers—we see them on the 28th camping near a river that they called Santa Ana, or Jesus de la Temblores, on account of having terrific earthquakes all that day and night. During the earthquake, says Father Crespi, an Indian, who probably was acting as priest amongst them, got very much alarmed, and raising his hands he turned to the four winds with horrid screams, praying to heaven.

We see them on the 2d of August where Los Angeles city is now situated, near a river which they called “Porziuncula.” On that day the Franciscans celebrate the feast of Our Lady of the Angels—hence, probably, the present name of “Los Angeles.” From Los Angeles the route lay through the valley of Santa Catalina de los Encinos, now San Fernando, and thence northwest through the mountain’s pass to the head streams of the Rio Santa Clara, so called then and now, whose banks the Spaniards followed to the sea again.

On Sunday, 6th August, approaching towards the head of Santa Barbara channel, they were visited by some Indians, who had an idea of sailing vessels—describing the shape of them on the sand—and made signs to them that in other times, white men resembling them had come ashore, wearing armor, as the soldiery, and long beards.

In fact we read in the expedition of Vizcaino, that towards the end of 1602, he passed with his vessels through the channel of Santa Barbara, which I suppose he so named; and when at anchor under one of the islands, was visited by the King of that country, who came with a fleet of boats, and earnestly pressed him to land, offering, as proof of his hospitality, to furnish every one of his seamen with “ten wives.”

We would almost be tempted to believe that the Mormons of Salt Lake had their origin in the islands of California.

Cabrillo, a Portuguese, who had explored the western coast of California as early as 1542, tells us that near two large islands he was assured at some distance there was a nation who wore clothes, and had houses. Of the location of this nation, our explorer of 1769 could find no trace.

However, it was observed that the Indians along the channel had larger tents than the others, and that each family lived in a separate hut.

While the explorers were passing by Santa Clara Cañon, where so many families now have splendid farms, the Indians were in great jubilation, celebrating the union of a happy couple. They presented them to the bride and wanted them to wait for the feast, but (as I suppose they had no wedding cake) the whites thanked them and passed on. Father Crespi describes their dwellings as composed of a few poles struck into the ground, forming a semi-circle and brought together in a conical shape, with a few bundles of sage-brush loosely thrown over it, with an opening at the top that seemed to let out the smoke and let in the air and light.

Near St. Buenaventura, they observed the Indians more industrious, the women better clad, and their bodies more agile. They were clever in making their canoes of pine boards, well matched together and well shaped. They used to go out at sea to a great distance. Some fishing boats would hold ten men. All their work was well finished. To work out the timber and stone they did not use other tools than those made of flint, ignoring the use of iron and steel. Nevertheless, says the Father, we found among them pieces of knives and swords, which they used for cutting meat and dressing fish.

For a few trinkets they exchanged with the soldiers highly polished wooden plates. Along the channel of Santa Barbara they were the recipients of very large quantities of excellent fish, which proved one of their principal articles of food for a portion of their journey. The Indians here were kind, staying near the camp all night, playing their flutes, but with such dissonance that the soldiers had but little repose.

We after passing the "Gaviota" Sea Gull, see them on the 20th of the same month of August at "Point Conception"—we don't miss them through the cañon of Los Ozos. After passing San Luis Obispo, they passed near Mono Rock, and at the foot of the Sierra of Santa Lucia, not able to continue their journey near the beach, they were obliged to open a path for themselves amongst the most rugged places.

There the undaunted spirit of Father Crespi seems to have given way to so many hardships—when finding himself at the summit of the Sierras, in every direction he could not see any end to those mountains. "Sad object," says he, "to poor travelers—tired and fainting through fatigue—to have to open our way through a thick forest, with the soldiery sick and unable to work." But he cheers up immediately, considering that their journey served to the glory of God and to extend the dominion of Spain. Good Father Crespi, if you had known that in half a century not one inch of the land you travel could be claimed by your monarch, you would not be so cheerful in the midst of your trials!

After descending the Sierra a certain distance, they camped near a river, which they took for "Rio Carmels," but which was the "Nacimiento," whose course they followed for several days till they finally arrived near the long-sought for sea, where the waters of this river bear the name of "Salinas."

Father Crespi and the commandant ascending a sand-hill, contemplating for the first time, the Bay of Monterey, and recognizing Pimos and New Year's Point, as described by the navigator Cabrera. You will here exclaim, thanks to God that finally they have arrived near the so longed-for harbor of Monterey, and we will be relieved of the tediousness of following them. My friends, if this is the case, you had better leave us at this point, for we are not yet at the end of our journey: but please remain a little longer.

The soldiers explored Point Pimos both sides; but they never recognized the place. It seems that Divine Providence blinded them that in order that they should proceed farther north, and make a more interesting discovery.

On the 4th of October—Feast of St. Francis—I observe Father Crespi, feeling home-sick, and missing his convent; "two of his sons," he says in his diary, "celebrate the feast of Our Father in the New World," and as bewildered, he adds, "and perhaps in a corner of the Old World, without any other church or choir than a desert." But when the Governor proposed to go back, the spirit of Father Crespi and the officers was touched, and at once they said: Let us continue our journey till we find the harbor of Monterey, that is if it is God's will; we will die fulfilling our duty to God and to our country." So saying they moved their tents, and proceeded north. After crossing the "Salinas river," by them called "Sante Delfina," we see them passing near several lagoons, and probably through St. Miguel Cañon, they descended into Pajora Valley; and they camped near the bank of a river which they named "Pajaro," that means "bird." "Near this place," says Father Crespi, we saw a bird which the Indians had killed, and it was stuffed with hay. To some it appeared to be a royal eagle, and from the point of one wing to the other, it measured nine feet and three inches, and on this account the soldiers called it 'rio del pajaro,' and we added to it, 'of St. Ann.'" This river now divides the two counties of Santa Cruz and Monterey.

Not far from this river, the exploring soldiers had seen two days previous, tracks of large animals, which they presumed to be deer. They also met with an encampment of Indians—numbering at least five hundred. As the Indians had no notice of the arrival of strangers in their land, they became alarmed, not knowing what to do; some took to their arms, others running to and fro shouting, while the women were weeping most bitterly. Sargeant Ortega had to alight from his

horse and approach toward them, making signs that no harm would be done to them. Ortega picked up from the ground some arrows and little flags which they had set in, and they clapped their hands as a sign of approbation. On asking them for something to eat, the women hastened to their tents and began to pound some seeds and make a kind of paste.

Next day when the Father and company arrived at this spot, they saw only smoking remains of their camp—the Indians having set fire to it and deserted the place.

They describe the banks of the Pajaro river as thickly covered with trees. It was near where the town of Watsonville now stands that they saw, for the first time redwood trees, and not knowing their name, they called them *palo colorado* (red wood) on account of its color. Father Crespi describes these trees as very high, having a resemblance to the Cedar of Lebanon, though they have not the color; the leaves, too, are different, and the wood very brittle.

They also saw in this valley some very large herds of animals with ears like mules, and with a tail short and wide, which can not be any other than what zoologists call "*cervus macrotis*," or male deer, and it is remarkable for its long mule-like ears and large frame. They saw also there large herds of deer and elk.

They stopped near a lake where there was a great deal of pasture, and they saw there a large number of cranes. They rested near the lake three days on account of the sick; meanwhile the exploring soldiers proceeded north thirty miles, reporting that they could not find the harbor of Monterey. No wonder, for they were receding farther from it every day.

On the 17th they forded the river San Lorenzo, and camped where the lovely town of Santa Cruz is now standing; and on the 23d Potni Cño Nuevo is passed. Their provisions becoming very scarce—vegetables gave out—and they were reduced to five tortillas a day. Eleven men had to be carried in litters—Portole and Rivera were added to the sick-list.

On the 30th they reach a point with detached rocks, or *farallones*. It is named Point Angel Custodio, and Point Almejas, but is now known as San Pedro. On the last day of October, the whole company climbed a hill and gazed on the sea. Before them is a bay or bight, lying between the point on which they stand and one beyond extending into the sea far to the northwest. The travelers recognized these land-marks at once as laid down by Cabrere Bueno. The distant point of land must be Point Reyes, and under it lies the port of San Francisco. They descended and encamped near the beach known to the Spaniards as *Enseñarela de los Farallones*.

Hear what Father Crespi says: "Scarcely had we ascended the hill,

when we perceived a vast bay, formed by a great projection of land, extending out at sea. We see six or seven islands, white and different size. Following the coast towards the north we can perceive a wide deep cut, and northwest we see the opening of a bay, which seems to go inside of the land. At these signs, and of what the pilot Cabrera says in his sea charts, we came to recognize this harbor; it is that of Our Father St. Francis, and that of Monterey, we left behind. From this shore is perceived a point which I believe to be 'Punta Reyes.' Some cannot believe yet that we have left behind us the harbor of Monterey, and that we are in that of San Francisco."

Some soldiers went hunting and returned to camp, saying that, "towards the north they saw an arm of the sea penetrating inland as far as they could see" the actual bay of San Francisco; "that toward the south they had discovered lovely plains covered with trees, while the many columns of smoke rising here and there, left them in no doubt but that the land was occupied by Indians. "This assertion, says Fr. Crespi, "confirms us more in the opinion that we were in the harbor of Our Father St. Francis;" and that what the soldiers saw was the bay of which Cabrera Bueno speaks, and whose mouth we had not observed descending to the harbor through a deep cut." In this Father Crespi was mistaken. The soldiers sent to explore the country discovered by accident the present Bay of San Francisco—which Cabrera Bueno never visited or discovered, according to the prevailing opinion of modern writers.

The description given by that navigator, Cabrera Bueno, and quoted by Fr. Crespi, applies to what we call Sir Francis Drake's Bay, and to no other, as to exclude all doubt that the same is the Bay of San Francisco of the old Spaniards, where the "San Augustine" was lost in 1495, and which Vizcaino visited in 1603.

If such is the case, the present Bay of San Francisco was therefore unknown until discovered by Portola's expedition which we have followed faithfully from San Diego. It is nowadays certain, without a shadow of a doubt, that this was the first time that the present Bay of San Francisco was discovered and visited by land.

The 31st October should be celebrated in the historical annals of San Francisco and Upper California, as a day of remarkable discovery, as three centuries before; October became celebrated for a greater one—that of the American Continent by Christopher Columbus.

Tuthill, in his recent history of California, pretends that Sir Francis Drake was in sight of San Francisco Bay, and that he gave his name to the same. He thinks that the Spaniards in time changed the name of Sir Francis into that of Saint Francis. The thing seems quite easy—only to change one letter and add three others. But it is not so easy to imagine that the Spaniards of old would convert a devoted servant

of Queen Elizabeth into a canonized saint of the Roman Catholic Church. Besides, I rather agree with Randolph, that the actual Bay of San Francisco was never visited by Drake or Vizcaino—such glory being reserved to the Portola expedition, as Galvez said in a kind of prophetic tone, "If St. Francis wishes a Mission let him show his port, and he shall have one." Bancroft, in his excellent volumes on California, removes any doubts on this point, and after reading his chapter on this first expedition by land, we have to conclude with him, that the discovery of the actual Bay of San Francisco is due to Ortega and a few soldiers, who hunting deer climbed the northeastern hills and beheld a great inland sea, stretching northward and southeastward, as far as the eye could reach, and returned to the camp with the news of their discovery. The inner bay was not named during this trip, nor for some years after; while the outer bay had been named for more than half a century.

On the 4th of November they broke camp and set out, at first keeping along the shore, but soon turning inland. They crossed the San Bruno hills from just above Point San Pedro; they camped on a large lagoon on San Mateo Creek. They suffered from hunger and got sick eating acorns. On the 11th November they decide to return to Point Pimos; on the 28th they reach Carmelo Bay; they remained there till the 10th of December; before leaving a large cross was set up on a knoll near the beach, bearing the carved inscription—"Dig at the foot and thou wilt find a writing." After many hardships, finally on the 24th January, 1770, they arrived at San Diego, half dead with hunger, after an absence of six months, to find the soldiery there also short of provisions.

Relief was sent to them soon, and a few months after Monterey was visited and recognized and visited by land and water; so that on the third of June, 1770, they took possession of the land in the name of the King of Spain—hoisting the Spanish flag, pulling out some of the grass and throwing stones here and there, and making formal entry of all their proceedings.

On the same day Father Junipero began his mission by erecting a cross, hanging the bells from a tree and saying mass under the same venerable oak where the Carmelite Friars celebrated in 1602, accompanying Vizcaino.

And here it is time to conclude, not for want of material, but through fear of having already trespassed on your forbearance.